

Michigan Bluff,
Monday morning

Dearest One:

I arrived yesterday between three and four and found Clyde and Lillian over at Baker's Ranch. Both were looking remarkably well and vital. This certainly is a healthy place. - The weather was delightful, and how peaceful and quiet! The atmospheric heaviness of the valleys and the Los Angeles section was gone and it was as though a kind of pressure was lifted. It certainly is good to be with the trees and hills again. I do wish that you could enjoy this for it has just the thing you lack, the foundation vitalities. The higher subtle energies have only part of what we need, we have got to have the earth forces too so long as we live on this plane.

I certainly do miss you. I find that quite a strong current of energy had been built up while in Los Angeles and it surges in me now like a stream that has been suddenly cut off. It makes sleeping at night difficult. It is harder to get through at a distance. It is though one had to build higher pressures to effect distance effects. It is probable too that only certain higher phases of energy transcend space probably those which correspond to the levels above objective space. The less subtle pranas probably do require propinquity. I gave you a mesmeric treatment again about eight o'clock last night and I felt the characteristic tingling in the hand though not as intensely as when working within a few inches of your body.

Dear, those weeks in L.A. have certainly effected a revitalization of love. Love as an eternal inner fact is undying and persists through the cycles of lives. But on the emotional and vital planes it can become tired. The answer in that case is revitalization or in other words rejuvenation. When this happens the inner fact becomes reborn outwardly with renewed strength. Never have I known such a strong feeling of affection for you as I have through the past weeks. It is as though certain barriers to feeling have been ~~removed~~ removed. One can feel inside and yet not have the power to come through, no matter how much he might wish to do so. The distinction between love and love-expression is very important. Incapacity in the matter of expression is entirely apart from the fact of love. It is like the distinction between innate intelligence and the trained mind for the expression of that intelligence. One might have the former and yet lack the latter. Expression is partly a matter of art and partly of the removal of inhibiting barriers within oneself. Removing such barriers may very well not be within one's individual control.

I have got to stop because the mail is about to go. So I send to you a full heart. I send you unlimited kisses across the etheric space. Give Kathryn one for me.

Ever lovingly yours,

Franklin.

[No Date]

Sheila Dearest,

The place seems lonely without you here. However, I am glad that you are able to be active in Los Angeles for a time [lecturing], as I can understand how trying must have been the isolation of Michigan Bluff without special interests for you.... I realize your problem of a drive toward activity that is more than your organism can stand. You have got to take into account the natural limits of your organism, so guard against over-activity. Try to turn more toward inner Peace and then force will not drive you so much, dear.

Lovingly, Franklin

Michigan Bluff ?

Michigan Bluff, 1934

Sherifa, my best Beloved:

I was immensely sorry to hear of the recurrence of the pain and sickness, but glad that Dr. Strong could help as I thought he could . . .

I was thinking the other day of the difference between a flowing stream of water and a stagnant pool. A flowing stream either is pure already or tends to become so, and so it is said that water purifies itself after flowing a sufficient distance. On the other hand, water, no matter how pure, when it is placed in a pool and allowed to stand, tends to become unwholesome. It would seem that the same is true of life-energies. No matter how pure they are at their source, if they are allowed to become backed up instead of flowing they tend to become negative and destructive. But allowed to flow freely again they tend to regain their natural purity. I think this is the reason why the ascetic, unless he has learned the art of keeping his currents flowing in a subtle way, tends to become unwholesome.

The mystery of Life is in some way very closely correlated with the mystery of Love. No human being is vital unless in some way love moves strongly within him. This love may manifest in one or more of a number of forms, but in some way it must be present if the individual is to be at all effective. It is better to love on a less lofty level than to not love at all. Love manifests on many planes and in many ways. On the lower levels that we know, it is the affinity that unites atoms to form molecules and thus makes possible the solidarity that is the necessary condition of manifestation on the physical plane. Among the higher levels it is Yoga, that which unites [yoga/yokes] the individual soul to the Eternal Otherness which gives completion. On this highest level, the trinity of the empiric self, love and the Eternal Self become one unitary fact and it is here that love becomes the last illusion, as the sages have said. Love, as a relative, vanishes in identity.

Love comes to us as a force of Nature. We reach the highest through love as art. Doubtless natural love is the starting point in the awakening of the soul to its God-ward journey. But the winning to the end of that journey is the culmination of the most consummate art in love. This is true even of Jnana, for while the Jnani speaks little of love and does not make love itself the object of devotion; yet love of Truth, the Supremely Beautiful, is his passion.

Human love is a part of the grand totality of Love. It is neither the lowest nor yet the highest, yet he who despises this love can never know the highest Love. I think we often err in swinging between placing human love both too low and too high. In its normal, spontaneous manifestations, it is simply natural love which can be taken by the artist as a stepping stone to the highest. And nothing natural is low or wrong in the ethical sense, though man reaches to his highest possibilities only as he molds the natural into the transcendental love.

Natural love plays a perfectly proper place in the life of the body as well as the soul of man. We should not forget this but simply not regard this love too highly while at the same time not undervaluing its true function. Backed up magnetisms and emptiness are relieved through the physical genuflections of love. Subtle congestions become flowing and therefore purifying streams. The Buddhists are right when they say the love is nutrition. Physical love, while possibly a subordinate phase of the grand totality of Love, may very well become temporarily,

and not improperly, predominant. I think a distinction must be made between intense craving corresponding to a strong need and lust, which is craving extending beyond need.

Perhaps you find this letter too discursive. But it is not sufficient to simply rest in love: we must also try to understand it.

I love you, and with a growing fullness. This distance is distinctly harder than it has been hitherto. Yet part of the art of love lies in the proper mixture of distance and nearness. This makes for renewal of love's vitality.

Well, I send you a bunch of kisses and the various other genuflections of love. Share some of them with "Our Inner Child."

I love you,

Franklin